

UNITY.

FREEDOM, + FELLOWSHIP + AND + CHARACTER + IN + RELIGION.

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"UNITY."

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NOTES.

Those who think man will never outgrow his need of a church of some kind will find support in the eighteen years' persistence of a little band of Positivists in London, who, according to a foreign journal, "are steadily developing into excellent church-goers." At their meetings they have sacred readings, music, prayers (including an "advent collect" with invocation to the "Power Supreme," "revealed for all ages by thy servant, Auguste Comte,"), sermons and doxologies.

We welcome the following words in a letter from Rabbi Sonneschein to Mr. Douthit, printed in the *Christian Register*:

When the disciples of Moses and the followers of Jesus cordially meet, nowadays, it is no longer the special pleading of tolerance that prompts their mutual good will. This tolerance was good enough in the first hour of the dawning day, when timid doubts and misty confusion were yet lurking in the air. In this rather advanced religious and intellectual forenoon, in the broad and brisk flood of light, tolerance is too narrow an influence. The Jew recognizes in the Liberal Christian the fellow-man who comes nearer the Mosiac prophecies than any other of the Gentile fraternity; and the Christian finds the Liberal Jew abreast with the vanguard of the Universal Church.

In the second series of "St. Giles Lectures," recently published in Edinburgh, three Christian clergymen make striking admissions concerning the community of religions. Dr. John Caird, Principal of the University of Glasgow, honoring Buddhism, ascribes its success to the pure and lofty morality of its founder. Dr. Matheson, praising "the religion of China," argues that Confucius was the author of the Golden Rule, and that Christianity therein incorporated an article of Chinese morality; so that even the *Westminster Review* feels called upon to criticise him. And Rev. John Milne, telling how much we owe to "the religion of Persia," says that Jewish doctrines of God were shaped by it, and that Judaism was not even wholly monotheistic until "the Jews, returning from Babylon, acknowledged, like the Persians, only one" God.

Apostles of religious unity will gladly notice the growing praise of Marcus Aurelius among the world's saints, and of his *Meditations* among the sacred scriptures. The moral grandeur of this heathen ruler and writer has always been confessed by the more intelligent Christians; and Cardinal Francis Barberini, translating the book, dedicated it to his soul, which should thereby turn "redder than his purple at the sight of the virtues of this Gentile." Renan, in his late work, rates the book still higher, as a "veritable eternal gospel" which "will never grow old, because it affirms no dogma." The Christian Gospel, he says, with all its glory, is based on a "naive conception of the supernatural;" but in the *Meditations* "the supernatural is only a little, insignificant spot, which soils not the marvelous beauty of the foundation." Even if "science could destroy God and the soul" this book "would remain still young with life and truth. The religion of Marcus Aurelius, as was at times that of Jesus, is the absolute religion which results from the simple fact of a high moral conscience facing the universe. It is of no race nor country; no revolution, no progress, no discovery can change it."

The *Westminster Review*, in an article on "Ecclesiastical Migrations," in which it reviews R. Rodolph Suffield's "Why I Became a Unitarian," says he "has joined the most advanced section of

one of the smallest and the most unpopular of Protestant churches, though it is the one whose principles seem, without adequate recognition, to be more and more leavening all the others." To this honor should be added the words of Stopford A. Brooke, whose name now adorns the Unitarian Almanac, and who, presiding the other evening at a charitable meeting of this denomination in London, said that they were the "men with whom he had cast in his lot;" that "he wished to be classed with them, and to be permitted to stand along with them before the public;" that "it was a position of which he was both proud and glad;" and that "the doctrines held by the Unitarians were his—the lines on which they conduct their sacred work for the benefit of mankind were the lines on which he himself should like to work."

A new English book, by Rev. B. Spiers, on "The School System of the Talmud," confirms Josephus' statement that "our principal care of all is this—to educate our children well." Besides the familiar saying of the Talmud, that "the world exists only by the breath of the school children," we find similar ones, as that "a town which has no school and no school children should be demolished;" and that "Jerusalem was destroyed because schools and school children ceased to be there." Formerly the father had taught his children; but to provide for the fatherless, schools were established at Jerusalem and elsewhere; and later, when it was found that free children, then, as now, were not apt to attend, it was ordained that "in every town and village schools should be established, and children from the age of six or seven should be compelled to attend them." So schools "sprung up everywhere, and were thronged." The instruction for three or four years was in the Scripture alone, but then included the other national literature and various foreign languages, especially the Greek. Even girls were encouraged by the Rabbis to study Greek, though their education was mostly confined to domestic and religious matters.

The story of Jesse James,—his father a Baptist minister; his mother consoled by the thought that the murderer had gone to heaven; his funeral attended in the church which had so recently seen his conversion and heard his prayers; the services opened with the hymn, "What a Friend we Have in Jesus!" and the officiating Baptist clergyman improving the occasion by discoursing on Christ's forbearance and forgiveness of sins,—has called

out considerable comment on the connection of morality and so-called religion. Goldwin Smith's axiom that morality rests on religious belief seems not to hold in this case, nor probably in any cases when analyzed. Even the cool *Nation* is moved to show how little morality owes to the doctrines and ceremonies of the church. It says: "The comfort the Italian and Greek brigands find in the external observances of their creed, while committing the most atrocious crimes, is now an old story. A skeptical or agnostic robber is, in fact, unknown in Eastern or Southern Europe." Nor is it merely among European Catholics or Missouri Baptists that the *Nation* sees this startling divorce of religion and right:

It is not only in the James district in Missouri that one comes on the strange compromises by which a certain external devoutness is made to atone to the conscience, not only for spiritual coldness, but for long and persistent violations of the fundamental rules of morality. Startling as are these revelations about the state of society in that part of the country, they are hardly more startling, everything considered, than the frequency with which our defaulters and embezzlers in this part of the world prove to have been vestrymen, deacons, Sunday School Superintendents and prominent church members during long years of delinquency and perfidy.

To those of our readers whose preachers have deserted them these summer Sundays, and even those who have deserted their preachers for sermons in the fields, we commend Frederick Pollock's recent verses on "The Choice of Churches." They tell how a skeptic was persuaded by his pious friends to visit various churches to get his heresies cured. He went to the High Church, saw the incense-smoke, listened to the chants; he went to the Low Church and heard denunciations of the sins that "well-to-do church-goers never commit,"—heard of man's "inborn vice;" of the innocent sacrifice, and "gracious and comforting woes of hell." Greatly dissatisfied, he went to hear more "judicious divines rebuilding the creed on Broad Church lines," and by mystic words of "sweetness and reason" seeking "the flock to keep, and gently win back the agnostic sheep;" but not even this satisfied him.

"This garment of faith on the body of doubt
Is pretty—but truth bids me go without."

So, one Sunday morning,

"Just as the church-going stir was done,
Forth he walked in the warm spring sun,
Into never a church or a chapel door,
But across the fields to the hill and the moor.
The breeze was fresh, the streams were bright,
The air was full of a tender light;
And the lark in the sky, and the thrush on the tree,
Which knew no manner divinity,
Sang out their anthems and shook with glee"—

until our doubter returned transformed, and an-

swered his friends wondering how he "had gotten saving grace:"

"Your lords be many, and many your creeds;
One in the kinship of great men's deeds,
Of true men's work that remains on earth,
Of truth and love, that give life its worth.
Here is our good and our treasure store;
This let us gather and crave no more.
This world is lovely, whate'er befall;
I know not the Power behind it all,
But the wealth of sunshine in field and wood
Fills me with joyful trust in the good.
So perhaps 'tis a thought not all unblest
That God Almighty's Church is the best."

Whatever one may think of the aims and methods of the so-called Russian "Nihilists," they are showing a heroism and devotion of the noblest type. Prince Kropotkin had in the May *Fortnightly Review* a very interesting article on "The Russian Revolutionary Party," wherein he tells us that its leading principles are "the welfare of the masses and the need of an absolute self-sacrifice of those who pursue this end." This self-sacrifice seen among the youth of the better classes evokes our warmest admiration. In order to come into closer relations with the masses they started this peculiar movement, whose watchword is *V narod*, "*Be the People*." Inspired by this watchword, "hundreds and thousands of young men and women break with all their past,—with rank, education, family, customs,—and go forth as artisans to artisans, as peasants to peasants, to live the life of the poorest, to work side by side with them, to feel in their own persons their misery and sufferings, and to teach them, to help them, to give them courage and strength, to awaken them from their apathy." "Young men left their class-rooms, their regiments and their desks, learned the smith's trade, or the cobbler's, or the plowman's, and went out to work and to teach among the villages. High-born and wealthy ladies betook themselves to the factories, worked fifteen and sixteen hours a day at the machines, slept in dog-holes with peasants, went barefoot as our working women go, bringing water from the river for the house." All this, too, in the face of punishments so severe that sometimes "women were condemned to nine years' hard labor for having given a single socialistic pamphlet to a workman," and political offenders were dispatched by the hundred to Siberia, starvation, disease, madness, or preferable death. What religious martyrs show such devotion as these youths, often inspired by no hope of reward in this world or the next either, yet giving up rank, comfort, and existence itself to the known slow work of gaining freedom for their nation? As the writer says: "Vulgar souls may sneer at this, but fifty years

hence the women of Russia will animate and inspire their children with the history of these lives."

Many have lately contrasted Emerson and Darwin, and their fields and methods were, indeed, wide apart; yet their essential principles agreed. Darwin's doctrines were included in that truth of *unity in nature* which Emerson so steadily taught. The general idea of evolution, too, is implied throughout Emerson's writings; and how early and clearly he held the scientific form of the doctrine, and even sustained Darwin's theory, is told in Mr. Conway's sketch in the June *Fortnightly*:

Emerson, at the beginning of his career, had assumed the truth of evolution in nature. More and more this idea became fruitful to him. His friend, Agassiz, on the appearance of "The Vestiges of Creation," had committed himself warmly against it, but Emerson felt certain that the future of science belonged to that principle which he had reached by his poetic intuition. Nearly thirty years ago, when I was a member of Divinity College, the theology taught was still a slightly rationalistic Unitarianism, and the science qualified by it (though Agassiz would not admit miracle). Some of the students were finding their real professor in Concord. On one evening we went out, traveling the seventeen miles in sleighs, to hear a lecture that was to have been given by him: it had been unavoidably postponed, but Emerson, hearing of our arrival, invited us to his house, and we had no reason to feel any disappointment. Nevertheless, Emerson wrote me that if I would make the preparations, he would read an essay in my room. On that occasion Emerson read a paper on "Poetry," in which he stated fully and clearly the doctrine of evolution. This was five years before the appearance of the papers of Darwin and Wallace in the journal of the Linnean Society (1858), though I find in Emerson's essay, as published (1876), that Darwin is mentioned; otherwise that essay is precisely the same that was read to us in 1853. I well remember how we were startled, that afternoon, by Emerson's emphatic declaration: 'There is one animal, one plant, one matter, and one force.' * * * * The name of Emerson would now be set beside that of Goethe by every man of science in America. While as yet "The Vestiges of Creation" was trampled on by preachers and professors, Emerson affirmed its principle to be true, and during some years in which no recognized man of science ventured to accept Darwin's hypothesis, he sustained its claim by references to the scientific authorities of Europe.

Mr. Conway also tells an incident illustrating Emerson's courage comparable to Phillips'. Not only was he "the first man of high social position in America who openly took the anti-slavery position," and "admitted an Abolitionist to lecture on the subject in his pulpit six years before Channing had committed himself to that side," but while Webster was still the idol of Massachusetts, Emerson denounced him for his support of the Fugitive Slave Law even more severely than Theodore Parker afterward did, and in an address at Cambridge,

Pictured the car of Slavery and its abominations, with Webster as the leading horse straining to drag it. A storm of hisses, perhaps the first and last Emerson ever heard, broke through the middle of his first severe sentence. Emerson paused, but stood with face unmoved, as if it were an outside wind, then serenely continued with the very next word of the sentence, as if there had been no uproar. With the grave, calm tone of a judge pronouncing sentence, he said, still concerning Webster, "Every drop of his blood has eyes that look downward. He knows the heroes of 1776, but cannot see those of 1851 when he meets them on the street."

THE TOUCH OF BEAUTY IN A RELIGIOUS SERVICE.

It comes sometimes in the uplift of a great thought in the sermon; sometimes in the tone of the reader's voice which surprises you with a vision, unguessed before, in some familiar verse of hymn or Scripture-poem; sometimes in the manner of the one who speaks in prayer,—a reverence or delight or peace in him that carries you into the recesses of your own spirit, and you know, a moment later, how literally Jesus' word is true, and that even in public prayer each one enters into the closet of himself; sometimes in the faces and the manner of the singers, showing that they feel that their part, too, is prayer; sometimes in the mere hush of the congregation and the expectant air, made over at the close into kindly words and looks of greeting.

But in the common service and our common moods, perhaps the touch of beauty oftenest comes at those moments in the hour where old words set to old sounds drift across the ear. They fly like birds to their nest to well-known places in the heart. And therefore it is well distinctly to provide such moments in our service. Here is the secret of the power of Liturgies. The Roman Catholic worship in its dead language and muffled utterance attests how old sounds, devoid of other meaning than association gives, may be trusted to beget the worship-feeling; for still it is that closet-truth,—the worshiper brings the worship. Indeed, dim or quench the word and leave but sound stored with feeling drawn from any source, and we come near to "music;" the service in the dead language is the primitive stage of what may possibly be the highest of all service, that in the unknown language of music,—somewhat as fetish-worship is the primitive prophecy of the highest Pantheism. But between the low and high lie the ranges where most of us live and feed ourselves on conscious thought broken into words,—where most of us crave, therefore, a large intellectual element in worship. And *still* it is well distinctly to provide moments in our service where the heart may simply rest itself on memory, if it will,—and memory vague, diffused, at that: for we all love old associations, returns to childhood, the feeling of accustomed kindnesses,—so here the touch of beauty will be certain, however dull and not-forme the other parts of the church-hour may be.

By most congregations one or more such moments are already in possession. But in any con-

gregation *three* can be easily secured. The right spot to begin the service in is the heart of all the people: so let the organ play its voluntary to lead thoughts into the quiet, and then, without word said, let all the people, standing, join in some familiar choral, which even those who cannot sing *can* sing,—“Old Hundred,” or “All ye nations, praise the Lord,” to *Nuremburg*, or “We are thy people, we thy care,” to “Ward.” This is the good custom, we think, of the Lutheran Church.

Again, after the spoken prayer, and as part of it, let the choir, as they sit, chant softly, without organ, the “Our Father.” If so softly that the words are not caught, no matter: every one hears himself. Or some other very quiet and familiar verse, perhaps “Nearer, my God, to thee,” in an underbreath, or some short, simple and sweet refrain, to be made dear by constant use at that moment, like “The Lord bless us and keep us,” on page 16 of “Unity Services and Songs.” The people will learn to regard this as part of the prayer, their own hearts' echo and Amen to it; though uttered by a choir's voice, it *makes the prayer congregational*, because, through its familiarity, each heart follows it, word by word, along the hush. We need not say that no entering footsteps should violate that hush: belated friends should wait outside till the closed doors are opened a moment afterwards.

Then, at the end of the service, it may be well to finish the hymn with a constant choral, some verse in which *all* can join, as at the beginning; and perhaps to follow this with a familiar benediction made dear by use. Of this last we are not sure, for the benediction born of the moment may be made the seal to imprint the day's thought in the mind. But of all parts in a child's church-going the memory of the benediction is apt to be most vivid; probably because most often heard, all the remembered reverence seems to cluster there, and old congregations are apt to take it hard to have their closing hymn and benediction altered. In Dr. Channing's church the choir for years had sung “Old Hundred” at the close of the service: one day—it was fifty years ago—they conspired among themselves to sing another hymn; and the astounded congregation brought such wrath upon them that for forty years longer, I believe, “Old Hundred” sounded on in its due place. This is the Episcopalian's reverence for his liturgy oddly showing itself in full force for the one fragment of a liturgy which the Congregationalist allowed himself. Such extremes of veneration show the danger of exaggerating the very principle that brings

the "touch of beauty" into a service. But it is not hard to get the sense without the superstition of the principle. Let "Old Hundred" give way to "Nicaea" for a while! But, at present, the Congregationalist does not deserve his name in his service of worship; in churches Episcopal the people worship, if the pastors govern; in churches Congregational the people govern but the pastors worship. We want no liturgy entire: to one who has lived where ocean-tides come in, the lake, however beautiful, seems tame. But we do want here and there a *touch* of liturgy. It will prove a "touch of beauty;" and, with hymns and musical responses joined in by all, give all we need to make our services *the people's worship*. W. C. G.

RELIGIOUS PHRASEOLOGY.

VI.

"Why touch upon such themes?" perhaps some friend
May ask, incredulous; 'and to what good end?
Why drag again into the light of day
The errors of an age long passed away?'
I answer: For the lesson that they teach;
The tolerance of opinion and of speech.
Hope, Faith, and Charity remain,—these three;
And greatest of them all is Charity."

"Not he that repeateth the name,
But he that doeth the will!"—Longfellow.

Many of the early Unitarians clung tenaciously to old forms of expression—old forms with new meanings. Certain Scripture words long since committed to dogmatic use they would never give up. They claimed to be "evangelical," while their opponents were seeking to prove that they were not even "Christian." Although Jesus was less spoken of in his redeeming and sacrificial functions, being conceived of mainly as the great Teacher or Exemplar, yet he was still "The Lord." Orthodoxy said that Unitarians had no right to the term. It went with the word "kingdom." It implied dominion. It was not inferior in meaning to "God." Its original was applied by the Greeks to their supreme deities.

Frequently in private, occasionally in public, the question would rise as to the fitness of using some obsolescent phraseology or symbolism, which had been unduly harped upon or made nauseous. The authority of the letter of Scripture was badly shattered. But disuse of phrase leads to disuse of custom and sacrament. The church feels the effect throughout all its forms and offices. In 1832 Emerson left the Second Church, in Boston, because, at his request, it would not drop or relax the

use of the communion bread and wine, over which he was no longer able to utter the customary formula of the church.

In his last sermon to them—the only sermon of his ever published—he says: "*The use of the elements*, however suitable to the people and the modes of thought in the East, where it originated, is foreign and unsuited to affect us. Whatever long usage and strong association may have done in some individuals to deaden this repulsion, I apprehend that their use is rather tolerated than loved by any of us. We are not accustomed to express our thoughts or emotions by symbolical actions. Most men find the bread and wine no aid to devotion, and to some it is a painful impediment. To eat bread is one thing; to love the precepts of Christ and resolve to obey him is another."

"This mode of commemorating Christ is not suitable to me. That is reason enough why I should abandon it. If I believed that it was enjoined by Jesus on his disciples, and that he even contemplated making permanent this mode of commemoration, every way agreeable to an Eastern mind, and yet, on trial, it was disagreeable to my own feelings, I should not adopt it." "To exalt particular forms, to adhere to one form a moment after it is outgrown, is unreasonable, and it is alien to the spirit of Christ."

But nothing had happened so remarkable since Channing's Baltimore sermon as the address of Emerson before the Cambridge Divinity School in 1838. "It seemed like an echo of Channing's thought attuned to a vaster rhythm—the music of the spheres." (Mem. of Ezra Stiles Gannett, p. 189.) It was a new view of religion, told in new phrases. It was also an arraignment of current Christianity, and a prophecy that has been getting slowly fulfilled ever since. There was nothing of the commonplace or the traditional in it. It is an appeal for freedom and character and reality in religion.

"The truth is," he says, "that tradition characterizes the preaching of this country; that it comes out of the memory and not out of the soul; that it aims at what is usual and not at what is necessary and eternal; that thus historical Christianity destroys the power of preaching by withdrawing it from the exploration of the moral nature of man."

Of Jesus he says: "The idioms of his language and the figures of his rhetoric have usurped the place of his truth; and churches are not built on his principles, but on his tropes."

Of historical Christianity he declares, "It has dwelt, it dwells, with noxious exaggeration about the person of Jesus. The soul knows no persons." "The manner in which his name is surrounded with expressions which were once sallies of admiration and love, but are now petrified into official titles, kills all generous sympathy and liking."

Theodore Parker listened to this address, and reaching home, wrote: "My soul is roused, and this week I shall write the long-meditated sermons on the state of the church and the duties of these times." Three years later Parker's lightning struck at South Boston, in his sermon on "The Transient and Permanent in Christianity." This precipitated a crisis and made general a controversy toward which many tendencies had been ripening. Now the battle was to be fought, not with old orthodoxy, but with a new orthodoxy, formed within the lines of Unitarianism itself.

"Criticism had broken just far enough with the old reverence to render a jest on Balaam's ass, the possessed swine, the money in the fish's mouth, not inadmissible on week days. And men spoke freely of the orientalisms of the New Testament; among which they would sometimes class, not only the Conception and the Star in the East, but also the Transfiguration and the Ascension." Parker scrutinized whatever language was in current use very sharply. Prof. Ware told the young men of the Divinity School that if there appeared to them any contradiction between the reason of man and the letter of Scripture they must follow the written Word. But that point was passed. With Parker, whatever the reason did not sanction was refused; and what was ambiguous was rejected. This made all his preaching singularly clear and direct. As his biographer said of his style: "It has the cant of no school, transcendental or part-evangelical. * * * * He finds the country language capable of telling his most spiritual thought."

Men saw in him the elements of a revolution. Some of his friends begged him to hold back—at least to compromise with the old forms of speech. But he replied that even the Unitarians had been "weaving cob-webs and calling it cloth" long enough. They still used a great deal of phraseology, biblical and ecclesiastical, in a false sense, or it had no sense; and when he found the Boston Association, composed of his own ministerial brethren, deliberating over his heresies after the manner of the Sorbonne, if not of the Inquisition, he dared them to tell in plain words, to put into

secular language, what they meant by such terms, among others, as these: "Salvation," "inspiration," "revelation," "Word of God," "thus saith the Lord," "Savior," "Messiah," "Redeemer," "miracle," "resurrection," "the Devil,"—and to say if they believed in them? He was sure preachers were "mistaking sound for sense," and for his own part proposed neither to be deluded nor to be a party to delusion. He will not "take fiction for fact, a dream for a miraculous revelation of God, an oriental poem for a grave history of miraculous events," or "a picture sketched by some glowing Eastern imagination" for a "reality." He likes the practical portions of the Bible and the plain words of Jesus; but he draws his illustrations, as he himself says, "from most familiar things which are before all men's eyes, in the fields, the streets, the shop, the kitchen, parlor, nursery or school." In no place, however, does his emancipation from the influence of custom and tradition appear more conspicuously than in his prayers. Not less a monument to his fervent piety than to his individual genius.

Not very far from the date of the South Boston sermon James Freeman Clarke began to gather his "free church"—perhaps the first instance in this country, if not in any country, of an ecclesiastical institution founded upon a secular basis.

The breach which this new conflict over religious phraseology portended did not fully come until the organization of the National Conference of Unitarians. The disuse of certain scriptural and doctrinal terms had gradually spread. Error and insincerity had often taken shelter in their indefiniteness. Many honest men looked upon them with suspicion or aversion. A few phrases, purely rhetorical in their origin, were still kept loaded with a dogmatic meaning. And those who refused to accept any equivalent or substitute for them were felt to be setting up, however unconsciously, the shibboleth of a party. All shades of men, however ranking themselves under the Unitarian name, were invited to meet in Convention in New York city, in 1865, for the purpose of organization. Assembled there, the preamble of the Constitution offered for their acceptance contained within itself the grounds for a new departure, and later became the occasion for a restatement of the objects of religion.

Dissent from the language of the preamble was from the first inevitable. The tone of it was ecclesiastical rather than business-like. It looked like an attempt to rivet a set of obsolescent terms upon

an elastic and growing faith. It ignored the fact that religion was more and more expressed in the vocabulary of every-day speech, in the plain terms of conduct, and less and less in the stately figures of oriental fancy. Two phrases—"disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ," and "building up of the Kingdom of his Son"—created division and the fire of a long discussion.

The preamble and constitution were adopted; but the next year, at Syracuse, the Convention was earnestly urged to recall or modify its action, to the end that those who could not longer use the phraseology that had been so much insisted upon might be recognized and feel at home in the Conference. But it was too late then, and there was a dread of radicalism. Radicalism might call itself "Christian" as much as it pleased—as it did in those days, all the way from Parker down. That was not enough. That was not yet the shibboleth in dispute. The battle was over the phrases we have named. Speaking of the use of the epithet "Lord" in connection with the name of Jesus, the framer of the preamble said, "The essence of the Christian religion is lodged in that phrase." The result of this was the Free Religious Association.

It was too early yet for any considerable body of men to see that the tendency of religious progress in all respects is more and more away from the special and towards the universal. The special claims set up for the Jewish race, for the Hebrew literature, for Jesus and the Apostles, for the church, for certain doctrines and sacraments, as ages go on fall away and are constantly merging into the universal,—being but manifestations in time of the One Living and Eternal Spirit. All duties may become sacramental; all great thought may become Scripture; all true lives are redeeming. So, too, all the sentiments of oriental saints, held in the bold figures of ancient speech, so far as they are of any practical use to us, may be retold, and for the purposes of organization and fellowship must be stated in the ethical and unquestioned dialect of our common life. As Dr. Hedge says, "The separation of sacred and profane in human life bears an inverse ratio to the progress of religion. The ruder the religion, the wider the separation."

James Martineau once said in a sermon that "when in his youth he heard the Psalm quoted which says that 'the godly man is perishing from the earth,' he could not help but feel glad, because the men of his acquaintance who had been called godly had often been of such a class that they could be very well spared from the earth without any loss."

Contributed Articles.

A DAY IN SPRING.

MRS. M. S. SAVAGE.

What a charm
Does this calm and holy sunshine
Give the farm.
In the yard
There are patches with the grass-flower
Lightly starred.
Dandelions
Greet again these spared and aged
Forest scions.
Downcast, here
In a group the violets
Reappear.
From the bough
Sails the falling petal, peaked
Like a prow.
Yonder swings
Home so small, it seems a yielding
Twig that sings.
Hark! the breeze,
Of the life immortal whispers
To the trees.
In the field
Gains that man an honest title
To its yield.
As a pearl,
Priceless is his sweet, pure-hearted
Little girl.
Full of joy,
Like the oak tree in an acorn
Is his boy.
Who can know
With what joy the mother passes
To and fro!
Day descends,
And the earthly into heavenly
Melts and blends.
How content
Lies the farm 'neath God's o'er-spreading
Firmament.

THE WORKMAN'S CONSCIENCE.

XI.

THE EDITOR'S CONSCIENCE.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

When a German statesman was asked at a banquet to respond to the toast of the "Holy Roman Empire," he assented, and began his speech by remarking: "There is no Holy Roman Empire." To most readers the wise way to begin an essay upon the Editor's Conscience would be, properly,

to remark that an editor has no conscience, or, if any, that it is made of India rubber. The popular conception of an editor is that of a clever man who holds that a newspaper is made to sell, and that he is the ablest editor who produces the most widely circulated and popular journal. For many years the *London Times* was cited as the most powerful and profitable newspaper in the world, and it was known to be its aim merely to reflect the public opinion of the day. The genius of the editor lay in his ability to discern the movement of that opinion. The *New York Herald* is probably the journal which is most generally read in this country, and it is supposed to be conducted upon the same policy of pleasing the multitude by expressing its opinions. The influence acquired by concentrating public opinion upon any subject into a crisp and clear expression which is heard throughout a community is obviously enormous. Men love a majority, and the voice of a great newspaper is the only way in which, from day to day, the majority can seem to speak. And such is the force of incessant reiteration that what a great newspaper daily thunders often becomes public opinion by being believed to be public opinion.

There is, therefore, no more important power in civilized society than that which the editor directs. He may be neither a wise man nor an honest man. His opinions may be superficial and his purpose treacherous, but he holds the public ear. He is believed to say what vast numbers believe. He can pursue an opponent with unsparing calumny. He can cover him with ridicule every morning. He can assume public virtue and invoke public indignation upon his victim's head. At the threat of legal proceedings for libel he can raise successfully the cry that the liberty of the press is endangered. However venal and essentially contemptible he may be, he holds in his hand the fuse of a torpedo, the match that can spring a magazine.

Moreover, a newspaper is generally simply a business enterprise. If it is undertaken by an individual it is for the purpose of making money, like any other business. If it is established by a political party or religious sect, or a moral reform, it is intended to be an organ of the purpose that founds it. In neither case is its primary object that of finding the truth or of telling it. It is subject, also, to the conditions of trade. It is an unprofitable speculation if it does not circulate widely. Its circulation, therefore,—that is to say, its sale,—is vital to its prosperity; and like all other traders the proprietor must offer such wares as the buyers desire, and must provide constant attraction for his customers, who are of two classes, those who buy the paper and those who advertise in it. But generally the profits proceed from the advertisements and they depend upon the circulation. The editor, therefore, who controls the paper must please the largest number of buyers possible.

Now, the traditional motto of trade is "*Caveat emptor.*" Let the buyer beware. It means that the buyer must take care of himself and not complain if he is cheated. It means that Mercury, the

God of Swindlers, is the genius of trade. It means that "all is fair in love and at the Custom House." The newspaper proprietor or editor is a merchant. Is he morally bound to be more conscientious than other merchants? Is it worse for him to be dishonest than it is for other traders? For himself personally, no. No man individually can be more than honest, or less than dishonest. The criminality of the murder committed by Eugene Aram and of the Turkish massacre at Scio was essentially the same. The murder of one man or of a community is but murder. Yet the consequences are very different. It is the nature of the editor's business which makes the conscience in him indispensable, which is of less consequence in the individual trader. The tailor who imposes upon his customer shoddy for broadcloth, or the shoemaker who sells pasteboard soles for leather, or the grocer who gives short weight and chickory for coffee, is a petty knave, and his mischief is a petty mischief. But the editor who to sell his papers uses the enormous power that he controls to hold his advertisers, to pander to dangerous prejudice, to flatter the passions of the mob, to distort the news, to defend dishonest public officers, or who accepts bribes of any kind, whether of advertisers or of public place, for silence, prevarication or falsehood, is not a grocer sarding the poor man's sugar, he is a public criminal poisoning the city reservoirs. He is not selling rotten cloth, he is corrupting the principles of the people and ruining the commonwealth.

More than three millions and a half of newspapers are issued every day in this country. Upon their honesty and ability depends not only the welfare of fifty millions of people, but the interest of progressive popular liberty. The editor controls this vast power, which is felt in every hamlet and home from Katahdin to Santa Barbara. His conscience determines whether it shall be turned to a noble or an ignoble result, to human happiness or suffering. A conscienceless farmer, or merchant, or teacher, or manufacturer, or trader of any kind, is a local nuisance and shame. But a conscienceless editor is a public calamity.

The editor is a trader, but only in the same way that every man is a trader who exchanges his labor for the means of living. The moral law which binds every rational being binds the editor, and his recreancy, as we have seen, may be often very much more disastrous than the recreancy of others. The sophistry that would persuade him to sell his pen to say what he does not believe, would make him a mere bravo who sells his dagger, or a soldier of fortune, like Sforza, whose country was that which paid him most and who knew no cause but his purse. The position of an editor who says what he does not think, because he is paid for it, is not that of an honorable advocate who only takes care that justice shall be legally done, but of an unprincipled charlatan who strains every nerve to secure the release of the man whom he knows to be the worst of criminals. A man can no more rightfully sell his pen

to say what he does not think than his tongue to tell a lie.

But fortunately if a paper is a business enterprise and an editor, in a certain sense, a trader, it is no less true in his business than in any other business that honesty is the best policy. He is tried by no sorer temptation than other men, and he has no more excuse than others for not resisting temptation. The editor's conscience, like that of every human worker who is brought in active contact with many men and various affairs, assures him, as the old sailor said, that God has somehow so fixed the world that a man can afford to do about right.

THE HOMES OF THE CLERGY; OR, CLERICAL TENT-MAKING.

LYMAN CLARK.

Paul, by occupation a tent-maker, practiced his craft to relieve his necessities and lighten the burden of his support by the churches to which he ministered. In his letters he makes frequent allusion to this incidental occupation at which he was found "laboring night and day, because he would not be chargeable" to such as may not have been able to sustain the charge. Where such ability was found he availed himself of it, making the strong plea that "they that preach the gospel must live by the gospel."

The conditions of our life still furnish some occasion for a "tent-making" occupation on the part of the clergy. Many are the places where the gospel is sorely needed, and which are unable to wholly support the man who is to preach it. Here is the field for one who is not ashamed of this apostolic economy by which he may use some talent, skill, or craft to secure some part of his support and permit his preaching where otherwise no voice will be heard. But this is only an accommodation to the necessities of the weaker churches, the exceptional state rather than the rule. The clergy, as a body, must adhere to the resolve, "this one thing I do." For such the tent-making is not for the market, but the maintenance of the tent in which the voice finds shelter while preaching.

It may almost be said that the clergy have no homes. They are settled with the presumption that they will soon be unsettled. Pastorates are closed by short "notice" from either party. A home implies continuous residence, cherished social attachments, long-trying and often-proved friendships, and the manifold results of what may be called progressive care of the household until, by additions here and there to the house and the social circle, the home becomes a product of thoughtful attention and localized affection.

Comparatively few and honorable are the exceptions in case of which ministers are settled with the presumption on the part of both church and pastor that the service is to have such continuity and receive such compensation as will make a home, in the better sense of the word, possible. In these exceptional cases the pastor, with ample means,

buys his home and occupies it in a self-respecting way, as one of his people may do. Personal ownership of a home confers dignity and some measure of responsibility for the local welfare upon those who assume it.

The desirable ideal state of things is that which offers the clergy the same independence and self-dependence in making a home which the laity enjoy. The parish discharges its part by furnishing the presumption of continuous service and such compensation as makes its pastor as much at liberty as his people to provide for himself and his.

But with many the case is quite otherwise. The usage of one of the largest denominations of the country makes, as the duration of pastorates, one year the rule, two years permissible, and three years the exception. An analysis of the Year Book for the year 1882 shows that in our own fellowship the average is eight years. Of 228 pastors five have ministered to their churches forty years or more; ten, thirty or more years; twenty-two have reached twenty years, and sixty-seven ten years, each class including all the longer pastorates. Not quite one-third of the ministers continue ten or more years without change. The average of the remaining two-thirds is four years and a fraction. Probably in the vicinity of three years would be an average of various denominations, our own being presumably characterized by longer pastorates than some others.

At the close of this brief service general usage bids the minister to change his residence. With such conditions homes, in any good sense of the word, become impossible. What, then, is the best substitute? The parsonage is the most satisfactory resource. This, well accommodating the longer pastorates, guarantees the itinerating ministry a well-located and suitable house, with freedom from the necessity of change of tenement during the pastorate.

The possession of a parsonage by a church is practically a source of income to the society, inasmuch as it can secure a minister at a lower rate of compensation if it can furnish him a house than if he must pay \$100, \$300, or \$500 of his salary for rent; or, which amounts to the same thing, the salary is fixed with the value of the rent as part payment. As an accommodation to the prevailing itinerancy of the clergy the parsonage is a great boon, and the churches do well to provide it.

A kind-hearted woman made the following quaintly-expressed provisions in her will: "First, I give, bequeath, and devise to ——— Church my homestead. * * * * I hope they will improve it and beautify it. It has been a source of trouble to me that I could not do it. I give it for a parsonage, and for no other purpose—for a quiet little home for the pastor. I also give all household goods not otherwise disposed of." With all was a bequest of the residue of the estate, with which to make the desired improvement. The parsonage may, better still, come from the united effort of the people. It will more surely represent their needs and secure their attentive care.

But it is the smaller number of churches that are provided with this resource. The clergy *en masse* must contemplate a home life well foreshadowed by the last chapter of Acts: "Two years in his own hired house," at the conclusion of which he is not expected to

"Fold his tent like an Arab,
And as silently steal away."

but in a self-respecting way to change his residence. Undoubtedly the itinerancy of the clergy is attended with compensations. It offers a wider acquaintance with the world. The Methodists have proved it to be practically efficient in reaching the common people. It requires a strong presumption of virtuous continuity of purpose on the part of people and pastor to assume and maintain durable pastorates; but is it not to be supposed that the best interests of the churches will be promoted by making a home and home interests possible for those who are to be teachers of religion in the homes of the people?

It is not easy to see how either the clergy or the laity can thoughtfully consider these facts, and how ruinous such frequent changes are in other occupations, without feeling that they severally have a duty in the matter which lies in the direction of more steadiness of purpose, continuity of endeavor, and perseverance in well-doing; no less than making the best practicable provision in view of the inconstancy of both.

PATRIOTISM AND PHILANTHROPY.

On Sunday last I was importuned by a highly intelligent man, in a very excellent sermon, to become an ardent patriot.

So I am thinking that inasmuch as every event in the great economy of nature is the exact result of the causes which precede it, so there doubtless was a time when patriotism was the greatest possible result of the causes which had preceded its birth.

In early ages the patriarch of a family was the highest tangible type for reverence and authority which the preceding ages had produced. As families increased, selfish feuds and common enemies created a necessity for clans, tribes, and nations, with chieftains, kings, and monarchs to supercede the patriarchs.

The common desire for self-protection compelled friendship and respect between the respective members of each organization, and the common fear of harm from other clans produced a common feeling of hatred toward them, which could not be suppressed but must be outgrown. This is the origin of patriotism, and the philosophy of our greater love for "the States" than for Canada.

Thus we find, the world over, where the love for clan, tribe, or nation is intense it is balanced by hatred and revenge, equally intense, for all others. This is true patriotism, and the lower the civilization the more intense is the patriotism of its people.

Despotic governments are equally careful in their demands for bigoted religious zeal and a reverence for king and country.

Though patriotism be the mother of philanthropy, and yet more devoutly revered, her beneficence, as compared with philanthropy, is like the slumbering embers of a common fire compared to the glare of a mid-day sun.

Patriotism is everywhere shaded by the walls which inclose her limited area, while philanthropy is as broad in her beneficent love as are the rays of the great central sun of the universe; yet her favors are as easily wooed and won as are those of selfish patriotism, which they also include.

Philanthropy is as easy of culture as are the sentiments of any of the thousands of religions, yet it comprehends what is valuable in all.

In the hope that this brief introduction to philanthropy in her new garb will enable the reader to court and win her beneficent smiles,

I am, lovingly,

ISRAEL HALL.

ANN ARBOR, Mich., May, 1882.

Condensed Sermons.

THEOLOGICAL FICTION, WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM ANDOVER.

M. J. SAVAGE.

"And no man putteth a piece of undressed cloth upon an old garment; for that which should fill it up taketh from the garment, and a worse rent is made. Neither do men put new wine into old wine-skins; else the skins burst, and the wine is spilled, and the skins perish; but they put new wine into fresh wine-skins, and both are preserved."—*Matthew*, ix., 16, 17.

The history of human thought is one long illustration of the wisdom of these words of Jesus. There is hardly a religion on the face of the earth that has not, time and time again, gone through this process of mingling the new and the old, of attempting to put new meanings into old terms, new thoughts into old formulas; and the result in almost all cases has been that either the old formulas were rent and torn and destroyed, and finally flung away, or else that the new truth was degraded and lost its power by contact with the old ideas.

At first, when moral ideas became formulated and written down in books, rituals, and manuals of devotion, they came to be looked upon as strictly inspired from heaven—as really and literally from God as though in deed and in truth the old legend were true that God, with his own finger inscribing them on tablets of imperishable stone, had given them into the literal, physical hands of a man and prophet.

But new views of the universe are entertained, new facts about man are discovered, new ideas of God force themselves upon the knowledge and growing thought of the world. And so the natural thing takes place: the priest begins to read over his

scripture, his infallible Bible, his revelation, to see if he cannot make it mean what it must mean in order to be in any accord with the best and most intelligent thought of the age. And thus there comes about the process of reinterpreting the Bible. This is not peculiar to our religion. Precisely the same thing has gone on in every nation that has made any intellectual or moral progress.

The old doctrine of revelation was that the Bible is verbally inspired—that every word and even every punctuation point is the infallible revelation of the Eternal Wisdom. This, after a time, had to be given up, and men fell back on the next line of fortification, which goes by the name of plenary inspiration—that while every word and all the punctuation may not be infallible, yet the Bible is inspired in such a way that all that it teaches is truth, and that it does not teach any error. And when mistakes of one kind and another are found in it, and are absolutely forced upon the attention of the intelligent world, then they fall back from that, as they are beginning to do in orthodox publications at the present time, and say that the Bible is infallible only when it directly teaches morals and religion; it may make mistakes in any other department of thought. And so, forced from one point to another, it reinterprets and invents new theories to meet different occasions year after year.

The Bible does teach that the world was created in six natural days. It says "days," and limits them by morning and evening; and nobody ever had the slightest idea that it meant anything but days until after it was found out by the rational process of scientific investigation that the world was not created in six days. They therefore read the Bible over anew, and it occurred to them that the word "day" might be used not literally but figuratively—not meaning what it says, but a very long period of time. In this way it is of course very easy to bring the Bible into accord with anything.

The process of theological fiction is industriously carried on, and people are reading out of old texts not what the original writers meant, but what they themselves have discovered that these passages *must* mean in order to have the Bible maintain its position of supremacy over human reason. And so it seems that by an industrious use of allegory, an industrious use of symbol and talk about figurative language instead of literal, of new methods of interpretation, etc., the Bible can be made to mean anything on the face of the wide earth. If it is to be interpreted in this way, I do not know why we could not get along with the Koran, or Veda, or the Mormon Bible, or with almost any book. It does not make any difference, if you adopt this method, what the language really is.

Andover was founded to represent a special and particular phase of thought in religion. Everything that human ingenuity could devise was done to fix it fast in an immovable state, because the founders verily believed that that was the eternal, unchangeable truth of God. They wrote a carefully stated and long creed, and declared that every

professor, when he became a member of the faculty, should conscientiously swear that he believed and would teach Christianity only as illustrated by that creed. To guard it still more carefully they appointed a board of visitors, who were compelled to subscribe to this same creed, and to swear to it every five years so long as they continued to be visitors. It was their duty to remove a professor if he changed his belief. Here are a few points of that creed:

First—"That Adam, the federal head and representative of the human race, was placed in a state of probation, and that in consequence of his disobedience all his descendants *were constituted sinners.*"

Second—"That being morally incapable of recovering the image of his Creator, which was lost in Adam, *every man is justly exposed to eternal damnation.*"

Third—"That God, of his mere good pleasure, from all eternity elected some to everlasting life."

Fourth—"That the righteousness of Christ is the only ground of a sinner's justification, that this righteousness is received through faith, and that this faith is *the gift of God.*"

Fifth—"That God, according to the counsel of his own will, and for his own glory, hath foreordained whatsoever comes to pass."

Sixth—"That their bodies, being still united to Christ, will, at the resurrection, be raised up to glory, and that the saints will be made perfectly blessed in the full enjoyment of God to all eternity, but that the wicked will awake to shame and everlasting contempt, *and with devils be plunged into the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone forever and ever.*"

The professors have had further to say, "I will maintain and inculcate the Christian faith, *as expressed in the creed, by me now repeated,*" as they entered upon their duties.

As a part of the duty of the visitors it is strictly and solemnly enjoined, and left in their sacred charge, that "every article of the above-said creed shall forever remain entirely and identically the same, without the least alteration, addition, or diminution."

And no man in America will contradict me when I say that there is not a single professor at Andover to-day who believes that creed as it stands. You would call such a thing a lie on the street, and so would anybody else; yet they do not think they are untrue, and they do not mean to be. They have written a five or six column plea for their position, published in the *Congregationalist*. Curiously enough, this plea carries the implication, from one end to the other, that they are guilty of the very first count in the indictment. The professors confess that they do not believe this creed. They say that no institution is bound to commit suicide; that they are not bound to surrender the money on the basis of which the organization was originally placed. They claim to have a right to reinterpret that creed, and make it mean *what they think the founders of that Seminary would mean if they were alive now and saw things as they do.*

I do not see why we should not bring this right down into business matters. Suppose I should, by accident, come into possession of a check for five hundred dollars. On the face of it it is payable to M. J. Brown. But I look over the matter. I know all about what kind of a man this Brown is, and I cannot believe that the money was meant for him. So I take the liberty of reinterpreting the name; and, having the M. J. in my favor, I collect the face of the check. What would you call that as a business transaction? Yet it is just as honest in business as it is in theology. If it becomes necessary to lie for the kingdom and glory of God, then I propose to become a citizen of some other kingdom, and seek the glory of some other power.

Every little while a cry is raised concerning the devastation an infidel science and criticism are doing in undermining the foundations of truth and overthrowing the kingdom of God on earth. It is extremely absurd to suppose that science could undermine eternal truth. It is my firm conviction that there is no such enemy of the church in existence in America or Europe as this one, which goes by the name of theological fiction. It is the enemies in their own pulpits that they need to denounce, not the *Popular Science Monthly*, not lecturers like Colonel Ingersoll. It is the men that stand on creeds that they do not believe,—creeds uttered in every solemn service, when they claim to think that God is looking into their hearts,—creeds that they do not believe and know that they do not believe,—these are undermining the confidence of the nineteenth century in the church.

What a condition of things have we arrived at, when men can persuade themselves that the institutes of morality, the institutes of religion, require them to prevaricate, to assert that which they know is not true! Better a hundred foundations like Andover be blown to the winds than that a single one of these professors should stand there and say what he does not sincerely mean. Above all things, I believe that the only way any man can serve God or help his fellowman is by telling the simple truth. If there is something he does not think it is safe or wise at present to say, let him, at least, keep his mouth shut. When he does open it, let him utter the deepest convictions of his soul.

The *Globe Democrat*, of St. Louis, has recently taken the census of church-goers in that city. On the Sunday of the enumeration there were in all the churches: Men, 17,947; women, 23,858; children, 14,912; total, 56,717. Of these, 35,736 were in the Catholic churches. The large number of children attending Catholic services is noticeable, being 10,755 against 4,157 attending Protestant churches. The smallest number of children at church was in the Unitarian churches, viz., 36. This suggests a question whether we are wise in falling away from the old custom of taking the children to church? The aggregate attendance at the Sunday Schools was 23,102, the Unitarian Sunday Schools being set down at 255. In the parks, beer gardens, theatres, and other places of amusement, there were estimated upwards of twenty thousand men, women, and children; but it is stated that on a pleasant June Sunday it would be as high as 60,000.

Correspondence.

AT SEA, June 12, 1882.

ON BOARD THE "BOLIVIA."

DEAR UNITY: Here we are, upon the ninth day of our voyage, Lat. 52° 16'; Long. 20° 31' W.—blue sky above, bluer waters beneath, and a stiff breeze ahead, full of vigor and health. On Saturday, 3d inst., at early morn, we steamed out of New York harbor. Farther down the bay we met an incoming French steamship, her deck covered with passengers as eager for the land as were we for the open sea. We have about sixty cabin passengers, and but few in the steerage. The usual variety is to be seen, both of residence and pursuit. Thirteen States are represented, while Cuba and the British Isles divide the balance. There is some advantage in a small passenger list, especially where, as in our case, you come aboard in a party of your own. There is plenty of room on deck and in cabin; no crowding in the promenade, no waiting for the second table. There is nothing like a voyage for ready acquaintance, unless it be the picnic on shore. No other conditions give freer vent to peculiarities of character, and reveal dispositions. One pleasant feature of our company is the children, nearly a dozen in all, and for the most part singularly attractive and well-behaved. They make sunshine for us when the sky is overcast. Charley, a year-and-a-half-old, surprises us by his sea-legs as he walks the deck, impatient of the rope that keeps him to the mother's care. Sydney has already discovered the source of salt in the white foam of the sea as the waves break upon the prow. He announced his theory with all the enthusiasm of an Archimedes from the bath. Little Andrew, in his bright plaid kilt, is darting about like a sunbeam, while Bertha, with her doll, as she gathers the other little girls to her play-house, gives a homelike air to the deck.

The weather has been unworthy the month of June. Nearly every day has had its showers, though the sun has shone between. Only one fine sunset have we had, but that was indeed fine. The great globe of golden fire rested on the rim of the sea, while all the sky above was suffused with softened light. "Like the land of the midnight sun" at that moment, said the Son of Thor, who was on his way to his native Norway to bring back wife and children to the new home by the waters of the upper Mississippi.

The second day out was Sunday. There were four ministers aboard, Western Unitarianism being numerically greatly in the ascendant. By mutual agreement the Son of Thor was appointed preacher for the day. Notice of the service was posted in cabin and steerage, the obliteration of the distinction between rich and poor marking this temporary church, as it should, indeed, every religious meeting, but, alas! not always does. The theme was the cradle Star of Bethlehem, but it was turned to poetical use by our poet-preacher. There is to each of us a guiding star—to one this, to another that—and we are all following our heart's desire. There are many paths, but love alone is the true light upon them, and by its leading we cannot miss the Father's house. None

must assert possession of the perfect truth, but only the truth as it seems to him, holding it in love. The whole service breathed a childlike trust and spirit, and made the day more beautiful to us all. A devout Scotch woman could hardly believe that this was a Unitarian preacher, so unlike was the appeal to her thought and feeling to what she had fancied this "strange doctrine" to be. She had never before heard a Unitarian preach, though she had the gift of appreciation and the ready candor to approve. How it would help us to understand each other could we but lay aside our prejudices and come to our judgments through some direct acquaintance with the people and things we are so ready beforehand to judge!

Yesterday was our second Sunday on board, and at the request of the other three the fourth minister took the service. He was a young man from New York, now *en route* to Valparaiso, whither he has been called to the charge of a well-established Presbyterian church with a Scotch congregation. Why a Scotch congregation should send to America for its preacher I do not know; but if it was to get one "sounder" than the home country now affords under the loosening influences of Robertson Smith and his compeers, it would seem in this instance not to have been a success. The sermon was from the text "The love of Christ constraineth us," and was a frank, fairly strong, and manly appeal, without notes; and while revealing in occasional phraseology and thought the denominational position of the preacher, it was, on the whole, broad, suggestive and good. He has the elements for a strong and helpful minister, and a natural manliness that will go far to keep him from ever losing the man in the clergyman.

A daily amusement on deck is "shuffle-board." The game is played with six-inch discs of wood, which the player shoves with a stick into a lined space, somewhat like that of the boys' game of hop-sotch, the different squares counting differently from one up to ten. The cream of the sport is for the last player, who comes in among the anxious discs like a shot from a gun. The game is best played by four, two on a side, and each having two discs. How little it takes to amuse the willing passengers and break the not unpleasant monotony of the voyage! Warner's inevitable woman who "sees a whale," of course is on board, and her cry wakes the sleeper, stops the reader in the midst of his sentence, interrupts the game, while all rush to look out in the direction pointed. But whether a whale has really been seen yet or not is matter of doubt. A few sword-fish have been identified, and a shark vision rests uncertainly upon the testimony of one witness. Our feathered friends have kept us company each day, principally Mother Carey's chickens, though to-day these disappear and we have the large cream-breasted gulls, that curve the air with graceful movement, scarcely moving their wide-spread wings as they follow our ship.

For evenings there is music in the upper saloon and whist and chess below, the book from the small but well-selected library of the ship, the promenade on deck above under the lengthening twilight, or to sit watching the far horizon fringed by the billows, or the beautiful

phosphorescence of the waters below as they glow in emerald and fire in the wake of the vessel. One evening, while the rain was falling without, we devised a novel amusement within the saloon. Lots were cast into the hat, half of them being blanks and half bearing the ominous word "contributor." Those of the company present drawing the latter were to furnish each some entertainment, or forfeit a shilling to the "life-boat" fund. Songs, stories, and recitations made up the programme that followed, each feature affording the more interest for the curiosity that preceded it.

Have any of you been sea sick? That touches a tender spot, dear UNITY; for I have observed this, that while nausea is regarded by no sensible person as a crime, and many have been drunken with wine without sense of shame, yet even sensible persons deem it a sore reproach that salt water should get the better of them, and so negative their ordinary answer to the query, "Is life worth living?" But I cannot tell a lie. Yes, dear UNITY, we have; and none of the party hath much whereof to boast over any other. Yet, in truth, our affliction, which was but for a moment, so to speak, was for none of us serious, while in one of our number it seemed to awaken an aptness of quotation and a poetical fancy hitherto unsuspected by his nearest friends, as, after a brief but suggestive absence, he rejoined the company one evening, solemnly repeating:

"Only they who brave its dangers
Comprehend its mystery;
And the heart of the great ocean
Sends its thrilling pulse thro' me."

One wonders to see so few sail upon these watery highways. We have spoken but one vessel, a North German steamer bound for New York. Some three or four sailing vessels we have seen at greater distance. To-morrow night we may see the northern shore of the Emerald Isle; perhaps not till Wednesday. But to us it is all the same. The sea has its charms and we are not yet weary of them. There is a restfulness in the monotony and enforced idleness of the voyage. And who are *we*, does UNITY ask? Father and daughters from one of our Cleveland homes, to whom we may add—though not of the original party, yet happily met—as of the same household of faith, a mother and four happy-hearted children from Brooke Herford's church in Chicago. These for the lay representations; and for the clerical, UNITY, of all persons, knows who in manhood is now pilgrim to the land that in infancy he left, and will recognize the transplanted poet-preacher in the Son of Thor, though wondering, perhaps, who hides behind the initials

F. L. H.

We are but on the threshold of the age when men are to live and work without certainty of future rewards and punishments.—*M. D. Conway.*

"Error Shattered and Its Foundations Scattered with a Volley of Hot Shot from Mount Zion," is the *ad captandum vulgus* title of a controversial discourse in the *Universalist Herald*, published down in Alabama. It characterizes the doctrine of the Orthodox hell as "a doctrine of eternal rascality."

Conferences.

SECOND MEETING OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF THE W. W. U. C.

A meeting of the Board of Directors of the Woman's Western Unitarian Conference was held, pursuant to adjournment, June 3rd, 1882. Minutes of last meeting and the By-laws were read and approved, and a vote taken ratifying the action of the last meeting. The business next in order being the further suggestions of the Conference not voted upon at last meeting, the resolution to appropriate \$200 toward the education of Miss Ida C. Hultin for the Unitarian Ministry was discussed. The following resolution was offered and carried:

Resolved, That the Woman's Western Unitarian Conference pledges \$200 to aid her studies for the Unitarian Ministry. It is further

Resolved, That the Secretary be instructed to communicate with Miss Hultin, and inform her of the action of the Board, and request her to inform the Board in regard to her plans for study.

Letters were read from Mrs. Shea and Mrs. F. Smith upon the local missionary work. This called out a discussion upon the fourth suggestion of the Conference, and a resolution, as follows:

Resolved, That we accept the fourth suggestion of the Conference, and appoint a Committee to see to inserting an advertisement in one of our daily papers looking to the distribution of Liberal Literature.

Mrs. John Wilkinson reported on the fifth suggestion of the Conference, that a class had been called together and organized for the study of Unitarian Literature.

The Secretary is requested to write a notice to be read in each of the three churches, inviting all those connected with the Women's Western Unitarian Conference to attend a meeting for the purpose of arranging plans for the study of the growth and worth of Unitarian Literature. Notices to be read on Sunday, June 11th.

The motion that the Conference continue the plan already started, to establish a permanent fund through life memberships, was carried, and it was further suggested that each member of the Women's Western Unitarian Conference consider herself a missionary to aid in increasing the funds by soliciting annual and life memberships.

It was also

Resolved, That the Secretary be instructed to correspond with the different Societies with regard to the Local missionary work.

It was also moved that Mrs. Wilkinson be appointed a Committee to attend to having a seal made for the Women's Western Unitarian Conference.

The meeting adjourned, subject to the call of the Secretary.

F. L. ROBERTS, Secretary.

We think Heaven will not shut forever more,
Without a knocker left upon the door,
Lest some belated wanderer should come
Heart-broken, asking just to be at home.
So that the Father will at last forgive,
And looking on His face that Soul shall live.

We think there will be watchmen through the night,
Lest any afar off turn them to the light;
That he who loved us into life, must be
A Father infinitely fatherly,
And groping for him all shall find their way
From outer dark, through twilight, into day.

—Gerald Massey.

Notes from the Field.

REV. WM. S. BARNES, from Montreal, called on us recently on his way to Boston, where he meets his family, and returns home to begin his labors the first of July.

OAKLAND, CAL.—The Independent Church of Oakland Cal., was reorganized June 2nd, under the name of the Hamilton Church. Rev. Clarence Fowler is called to be successor of the late L. Hamilton, who died April 9th, while preaching.

PETERSHAM.—We have lately received very interesting reports from the Public Library of Petersham, Mass., and from the Society for Village Improvement, of the same town. Rev. Lyman Clarke seems to be the leading spirit in all these enterprises for the welfare of this beautiful New England village.

ST. LOUIS.—A beautiful and touching Memorial and Summer Anniversary Service was held at the Unitarian Mission, in St. Louis, Sunday, June 4th. The service was a memorial one for the dead and the living, the following names being mentioned among those to be remembered: Longfellow, Emerson, Darwin, Channing, Parker, Bellows, Dr. Hosmer, Dr. Dewey, Garfield, Alexander Campbell, Roger Williams, Martin Luther, Robert Raikes, Geo. Eliot, Margaret Fuller, Hudsley Bridge, James Smith, Capt. Joshua Cheever, Harriet Martineau, E. E. Hale, James Freeman Clarke, Dr. Eliot, Rev. Jenk. Ll. Jones, Robert Collyer, Miss Louderman, Mrs. Cook and Miss Emily Keterstein.

UNIVERSALISTS.—The forty-second annual meeting of the Universalists was held in Chicago, June 14th and 15th. Papers were read by Rev. E. Manford on the "Early Universalists," Rev. N. T. Balch on the "Preaching which the World Needs," Mr. B. F. Monroe on the same subject from a Layman's standpoint, and Rev. J. W. Hanson, D.D., on "Our Church Literature." In the course of the meeting reference was made to Prof. Swing and Dr. Thomas, both of whom were claimed as Universalists. In the discussion which followed this was emphatically denied; for, said one, they do not acknowledge themselves Universalists, and "we will not recognize any Universalist who does not glory in the name."

THE REPORT OF THE BOSTON YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN UNION is so full of good things which have been done by the Union during the year that we have not space to even call the names of the activities employed. Among them we notice particularly, under the head of Lectures; Classes and Entertainments, "Talks on History," "Talks on Banking," practical talks on such subjects as "The New South," "The Commercial Interests in Boston," "The Chemical History of a Grain of Salt," etc., etc. Then there are reports on "Employment Bureau for Young Men," "Boarding and Lodging Houses," "Seats in Churches," "Care of The Sick," "Relief Work," "Rides for Invalids," etc. Let any one

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who would know the full extent of this work which is being done by Bro. Baldwin, send to 78 Boylston St., Boston, and secure his truly admirable report.

GENEVA.—The Unitarian Society at Geneva observed Flower Sunday, June 18th. The church was beautifully decorated with roses, lilies, orange blossoms, and many other different varieties of flowers. On each side of the platform were large vases filled mostly with garden plants, while on the left was a beautiful memorial emblem, designed to commemorate their late pastor, the Rev. Mr. Herbert, who so recently died in Denver, Col. The exercises by the children were unique and interesting, consisting for the most part of recitations, dialogues and music. Some of the speaking was excellent, and called forth well-merited applause. The church was filled with spectators, every seat as well as every inch of standing room being occupied. In the evening the church was filled again to listen to a sermon by Rev. A. G. Jennings, on "Silent Influences." The society expect before many weeks to settle a minister. There is no reason why this church should not become one of the strong societies in the West.

REV. MR. BOWSER, of Evansville, Ind., in his views of the Trinity differs somewhat from the other clergymen of that place. It seems, from the *Evansville Tribune*, that there is a Pastoral Association which meets semi-monthly. It is composed of what is termed Evangelical ministers, and the meetings of the Society have been quite interesting lately. At a meeting two weeks ago Rev. J. L. McNair, of Grace Presbyterian church, read a paper on "The Certainty and Limits of Knowledge," which Mr. Bowser considered directed especially at him and his views concerning the Trinity and the Divinity of Jesus Christ. As is customary, the ministers present commented upon the production, and Mr. Bowser was at variance with the views of his brother pastors, to a man, he taking the position that the Trinity could not be proven by the Bible, and that Jesus Christ's divinity extended no further than an example of the highest possibilities man might and could reach. This was a rather startling state of affairs, and Mr. Bowser was asked to prepare a paper on the subject. He did so, and at the last meeting read an article entitled "The Testimony of the New Testament in reference to the doctrine of the Trinity." It created quite a sensation, each of the ministers round the room having something to say, and differing from the reverend gentleman in all the essential points of his paper. At the close of the discussion Mr. Bowser stated that he recognized the wide difference of opinion existing between himself and the other members of the Association on this subject, and that he would, therefore, ask the privilege of withdrawing his name from the roll, so that he might not, by retaining his membership therein, compromise the members of the Association. By unanimous consent the request was granted. The brethren are not easy on the matter, evidently, and have requested Rev. Charles Morris, of St. Paul's Church, to prepare a manuscript on the same subject, to be read at the next meeting of the Association. The report of the meeting in the morning papers was prepared by a committee appointed by the Association,

in order that matters might be smoothed o ministerial muddle made as serene and sleek as possible. The affair is not ended, however, and Mr. Bowser is to be heard from.

MEADVILLE THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.—The commencement exercises of the Meadville Theological School, which took place on the 14th and 15th of June, were of special interest, and this for two reasons: One of the graduates was a lady, and, we believe, the first lady who has graduated from the school; and then the exercises included an ordination service, both the graduates being ordained. A reception tendered by the ladies of the Unitarian Society to the students and officers of the school was well attended and proved a very enjoyable occasion. The exercises really began with the meeting in the chapel on the morning of the 14th of June. They were led by Prof. Livermore, who, after the introductory services, addressed the students with a few well-chosen, earnest and very appropriate words. Then followed short speeches by several students, in which they expressed their feeling of gratitude, especially toward the teachers and toward each other for the great benefits of which they had been the recipients during the past school year. All agreed in that it had been a very profitable and pleasant time. In the evening the annual sermon before the school was delivered by Rev. Geo. W. Cutter, of Buffalo, N. Y. He spoke about "The true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." The true light is God only, and however much the modes and forms of religion, however the expression of religious feeling may vary, even if all the sacred writings, the words of priest and prophet were swept away, still would this light light every man that cometh into the world. The manner in which this thought was carried out was so admirable and so convincing that none could help being uplifted by the beautiful broad and catholic spirit which pervaded the noble discourse. After the sermon the two graduates were ordained in the customary manner. The ceremony was a very impressive one. Prof. Livermore, offering an earnest, heartfelt, ordination prayer, was followed by Dr. Hill, who, in the earnest manner peculiar to him, delivered the charge, whereupon Prof. Bixby concluded the ceremony by extending the right hand of fellowship, and by an address in which he dwelt upon the duties and privileges of the ministry, with special reference to the newly-ordained ministers. On Thursday morning the commencement exercises proper took place. After the usual introductory services, consisting of a hymn and prayer by Dr. Hill, followed the essays by the graduates. Mr. Julius Blass, of Baltimore, Md., read a very thoughtful paper on "Pessimism." After tracing the history of pessimism from Buddah down to its modern apostle, Schopenhauer, he gave a very elaborate statement of modern pessimistic philosophy, and pointed out its truths and its errors. The paper was very carefully prepared, and evinced a thorough study of the subject. Miss Anna J. Norris followed with a highly interesting treatise on "The Mutual Relations of Philosophy, Theology, and Religion," showing that none of these three was entirely independent of, or complete without, the other, but that they must each have a definite sphere of

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only when taken together form a fully rounded whole. After a brief address by Prof. Livermore, in which he expressed the gratification which he felt at having both sexes represented in the graduating class, the proceedings were brought to a close. Miss Norris returns to Iowa, and expects to engage in active work in the field there, while Mr. Blass will return to the school in the fall to pursue a post-graduate course. Most of the other students spend the vacation at their respective homes. Mr. Wilson and Mr. Wright, of the Middle Class, take up vacation work, the former at Centre Harbor, the latter at Fitz Williams, N. H. Mr. Heddaeus and Mr. Eisenlohr, of the Senior Class, take charge of the large liberal German congregation at Columbus, Ohio.

The Study Table.

All Publications noticed in this Department, as well as New and Standard Books, can be obtained of the Colegrove Book Co., 40 Madison street, Chicago.

LITERARY NOTES.

The *North American* for July contains an interesting article by E. P. Whipple on "Emerson as a Poet;" "The Business of Office-Seeking," by Richard Grant White; "Hydraulic Pressure in Wall Street," by the editor; "The Ruins of Central America," by Charnay; an article by Gail Hamilton on "The Things Which Remain," and "False Taste in Art," by Frances Marion Crawford. It is an unusually interesting number.—In *Harper's Magazine* for July is a fine portrait of Emerson, on the first page. Some of the other illustrations are "Glimpses of the Great Britons," containing heads of John Bright, Joseph Chamberlain, the Duke of Argyle, and at least fifteen other dignitaries of England. "Lying in State in Cairo," "Spanish Visitors," and "Old Shipbuilders" are among the other illustrated articles in this volume. In the "Editor's Easy Chair" we have another estimate of Emerson by Mr. Curtis. We copy the closing paragraph of this very just and noble article: "Happy teacher, whose long and lovely life illustrated the dignity and excellence of the Truth old as the morning and as ever fresh, that fidelity to the divine law written upon the conscience is the only safe law of life for every man. Noble and beneficent preacher! who, in a sense that the pensive Goldsmith did not intend, 'Allured to brighter worlds and led the way.'"—Charles Reade's latest novel is entitled "Single Heart and Double Face."—J. P. Lippincott & Co. will publish "Ouida's Stories," written for the Prince of Naples.—*Our Continent*, in its issue of June 21, gives a prospect of the second half year of its existence. It promises some excellent matter, consisting of Judge Tourgee's new story, "Hot Plowshares;" serial stories by E. P. Roe, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps and W. M. Baker; the regular departments of The Household, Art of Adornment, the Still Hour, to which will be added a department of Foreign Thought, Book Reviews, etc. The *Continent* has succeeded for six months in supplying the people with a good weekly illustrated magazine. Its articles, stories, poems, etc., are all good, interesting and spicy. We wish *Our Continent* all manner of success.—The *Popular Science Monthly* for June gives a full account of Mr. Darwin's life and work, with a portrait of the great naturalist.—The *Dial* for June contains an interesting article on "The Influence of Emerson," by Wm. R. Barnes.—The *National Prohibitionist* is the title of a new paper just started in New York city, edited by Wm. McK. Gatchell, assisted by Chas. W. Cushing, D. D., as associate editor. The first issue will appear July 1.

The Exchange Table.

In Bridgewater, in a sermon on "Vicarious Atonement," preached, two weeks ago in that conservative town by Rev. John Albert Wilson of the Unitarian church, the preacher referred to the apostle Paul as "the Barnum of Christianity, who, by skillful advertising and shrewd manipulation, distorted the simple life of a good man and moral teacher into an elaborate and intricate system of theology."—*Commonwealth*.

REV. M. J. SAVAGE preached, last Sunday morning, in answer to Bishop Huntington's sermon on Emerson. The congregation was large. In the course of his remarks he said: "About the time of Longfellow's death a correspondent of the *Traveller*, of this city, asked a question about the poet's religion, and the *Traveller* replied that Mr. Longfellow was not a church-goer, but he was believed to be in sympathy with his brother, who was a liberal Unitarian. If you will pardon me the personal reference, I will say that I know this to be true. Mr. Longfellow frequently corresponded with me about my sermons."—*Boston Commonwealth*.

HONORS TO MRS. STOWE.—Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe may well be proud of the testimonial tendered her, on Thursday, at Newtonville, through the joint appreciation and attention of Governor Claflin and wife, and Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. It was the occasion of her seventy-first birthday, and some two or three hundred of the leading exponents and sustainers of literature, art, politics and social courtesies paid their respects to her. When they recalled the condition of the country when she began to write, for the *National Era*, her story of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and what followed that powerful and convincing work, they could not escape the conviction that she was something more and far higher than a mere story-teller—she was a fervid emancipator, one of the foremost factors in the great problem that received final solution on the battlefield.—*Commonwealth*.

THE *Christian Leader*, in an article on "Causes of Pulpit Decline," declines most emphatically to admit, in the first place, that there is any decline. It says: "If in fact the pulpit is settling while the pews are rising, the circumstance is a puzzle. Never since the days of Augustine has so much been done to make good ministers as in this year of grace, 1882. Never before has theology and hermeneutics ('the science of interpretation, particularly in its application to the Scriptures') had so many masters. Never were there so many and so well qualified instructors in divinity. Never were there so many and so thoroughly equipped divinity schools. Never before was so much money given to assist those who seek to qualify themselves for the work of the pulpit and the parish. Are we to believe that the results are meagre in exact proportion as the means and incentives are abundant? If to all this we must give the sad and disheartening affirmative, we have the unparalleled anomaly of a famine just when soil, dew and sunshine are all combining to pledge a full harvest!"

MRS. MARY A. LIVERMORE.—Whenever or wherever Mrs. Livermore speaks she always has something to say, and she says it so well that her remarks are always worth reading. The following is an extract from her after-dinner speech at the Woman's Club, which met during the anniversary week, in Boston. It is published in full in *The Woman's Journal*. Her subject was "Woman in Politics." "But still the cry is, 'Women are not competent to deal with politics.' Professor Goldwin Smith, writing in the *Popular Science Monthly*, tells us that women would carry too much of emotion into politics,—that their natures are so emotional that 'they can never be made accountable like men.' Professor Smith mani-

feats amazing perversity of judgment and statement whenever he writes of women. On that subject he is never to be depended upon. You may have heard of people so given to crookedness of statement that if they put a tenpenny nail in their mouths it would come out a corkscrew. Professor Smith reminds me of them, and I never read after him, when woman is his topic, without saying and feeling:

"And are we sinners yet alive,
And dare we yet rebel?
'Tis wondrous, 'tis amazing grace,
That keeps us out of—"

a place too warm to be mentioned in this heated hall. (Great laughter and applause.) 'Too emotional for politics!' I was in the Chicago 'wigwam' when Abraham Lincoln was nominated,—the only woman on the floor of the hall, for my seat was with the reporters. I shall never forget the scene that followed. Men hugged one another with such vim that they upset one another. They clapped each other on the back,—crushed each others' hats, or tossed them in air, and kicked them about as if they were footballs. They wept; they laughed; they danced; they stood on the seats and tossed their arms wildly in the air, and for half an hour screamed and yelled, as if with throats of brass, till the uproar was ear-splitting. The New York delegation, whose candidate had been defeated, went sulkily out of the hall, with banners reversed, wiping their eyes, evidently seeking a quiet place for a 'good cry,' after the fashion of 'emotional' women. Similar behavior was repeated when General Grant was nominated,—and at General Garfield's nomination; while the frantic scenes of emotion that women may witness from the galleries of Boards of Trade and Stock Exchanges, as the men below make and lose fortunes in gambling, will lead them to congratulate themselves that they belong to the calm, quiet, and self-contained sex. 'Women are so frivolous, so fond of dress, parade and show, that they would make of government an everlasting spectacular drama.' Possibly. But I cannot remember ever to have seen women walking delightedly for hours in a torch-light procession, through muddy streets, amid the thundering of cannon, the flash of rockets, and the blaze of colored lights. I think I have never seen them parading by daylight, clad in bits of abbreviated aprons, ornamented as to the shoulders in what seemed exaggerated horse-collars, their heads supporting an infinite amount of 'fuss and feathers,' and their padded coats over their swelling bosoms nearly bursting with ecstatic delight, as they caught admiring glances from the other sex in balconies and at chamber windows. (Applause.)

There are few prophets in the world,—few sublimely beautiful women,—few heroes. I can't afford to give all my love and reverence to such rarities; I want a great deal of these feelings for my every-day fellowmen, especially for the few in the foreground of the great multitude, whose faces I know, whose hands I touch, for whom I have to make way with kindly courtesy. Neither are picturesque lazzaroni or romantic criminals half so frequent as your common laborer, who gets his own bread and eats it vulgarly but creditably with his own pocket-knife. It is more needful that I should have a fiber of sympathy connecting me with that vulgar citizen who weighs out my sugar in a vilely assorted cravat and waistcoat, than with the handsomest rascal in red scarf and green feathers; more needful that my heart should swell with loving admiration at some trait of gentle goodness in the faulty people who sit at the same hearth with me, or in the clergyman of my own parish, who is, perhaps, rather too corpulent, and in other respects is not an Oberlin or a Tillotson, than at the deeds of heroes whom I shall never know except by hearsay, or at the sublimest abstract of all clerical graces that was ever conceived by an able novelist.—*Geo. Eliot.*

Announcements.

RECEIPTS OF WESTERN UNITARIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY.

Received for Annual Membership, \$1.00 each from the following:

BUFFALO, N. Y.—Nettie Prouty, Eva Clarke, Carlton White, Edith Wilson, Alice Dunbar, Charles Flint, Maude McDonald, Susie Griever, Jennette Marsh, Stephen Stickney, George Stickney, Alma White, Anna Marsh, Lucius Bartlett, Charles Gibson, Nora Pettibone, Harry Gibson, Dwight Buffum, Frank Dunbar, J. Lester Carroll, Mrs. Agnes S. Carroll, Gibson Blake, Sarah Shaw, Grace Forbush, Emma Burtis, Edith L. Clark, Susan O. Cutter.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Mrs. Joseph Curtis, Miss Susan Ida Price, Miss Fannie E. Alexander, Miss Hattie T. Bennett, Miss S. E. Morgan, Miss R. A. Bronson, Miss G. A. Post, J. Vincent Alexander, Lee Richmond, Geo. H. Smith.

ST. PAUL, MINN.—Miss S. B. Beals, Mrs. John DeGraw, Mrs. C. H. Clark, Rev. W. C. Gannett, Mrs. W. H. Grant, Mr. Wm. H. Kelley, Miss S. A. Mayo, Mr. David McCaine, Miss J. E. McCaine, Edward Richards, Edward Sawyer, Mrs. F. P. Savage, A. H. Wimbish.

ST. LOUIS, MO.—C. S. Udell, August Machmeyer, Miss Belle C. Flagg, Children of Mission Sunday School Church of Messiah.

Rev. J. Fisher, Alton, Ill.; Mrs. S. M. Strong, Cleveland, O.; Mrs. E. T. Leonard, Chicago, Ill.

For Life Membership, \$10.00 each, as follows:

Mr. J. D. Ludden, St. Paul, Minn.; Rev. N. M. Mann and Mr. J. L. Angle, Rochester, N. Y.; Mr. G. Tilden, St. Louis, Mo. M. LEONARD, Treas. W. U. S. S. Society.

UNITY RECEIPTS.

W. S. Hamilton, \$0.50; J. W. Mead, \$1.50; Mrs. J. A. Giddings, \$1.50; J. Fisher, \$1.50; Thomas Kerr, \$1.50; P. H. Philbrick, \$1.50; W. R. Cowl, \$1.50; D. E. Frothingham, \$1.50; M. P. Downing, \$1.50; L. S. Cummings, \$1.50; O. L. Perrier, —; M. Livermore, \$3; Rev. Lyman Clarke, \$1.50; Martha C. Stevenson, \$2; H. C. DeLong, \$1.50; Mrs. W. B. Rogers, \$1.50; Louis A. Bregger, \$1.50; J. C. Allen, \$3; A. Judson Rich, \$1.50; W. H. Baldwin, \$1.50; Ezra Abbott, \$3; William Harrison, \$1.50; W. H. Swasey, \$1.50; Dr. Elliott, \$1; William Salter, \$1.50; H. F. Wood, \$1.50.

LITTLE UNITY RECEIPTS.

Annie W. Abbott, \$1; W. M. Salter, .35; H. C. DeLong, .35; S. L. Perrier, .30.

NOTICE.

Copies of "FIRST LESSONS ON THE BIBLE," by Edward D. Hall, are for sale by the Unitarian S. School Society, Room 7 Tremont Place, Boston, Mass. Price, per copy, fifty cents.

"THE TEACHER'S CONSCIENCE," by C. G. Eliot, President of Harvard College, is to be printed in pamphlet form, and will be for sale by the Colegrove Book Company at twenty-five cents per dozen, or five cents each, including postage. *Every teacher* should read this. Our clergymen could not do a better service to the cause of education than to furnish each teacher in their towns a copy of this very able and useful essay.

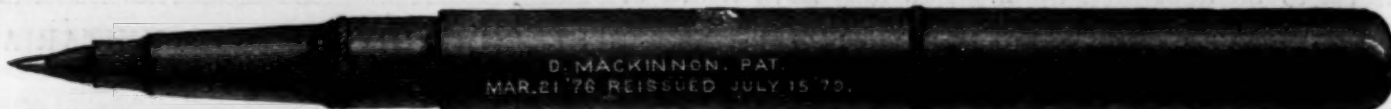
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Walnut or Ebonized (Gold Laid) Case as desired. 5 Octaves, 10 Sets Reeds, 27 Stops.

Price, delivered on board cars here, with Stool, Book, Music (a complete musical outfit) **ONLY \$90.00**

The Beethoven Organ can be shipped in 5 minutes notice, (now shipping over 50 a day, demand increasing.) Working nights by Edison's Electric Light to fill orders for this style promptly. Remittances may be made by Bank Draft, Post Office Money Order, Registered Letter, or by Express Prepaid.

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded

If the Beethoven Organ, after one year's use, does not give you entire satisfaction, kindly return it at my expense and I will promptly refund you the \$90 with interest. Nothing can be fairer. My object in placing this organ at \$90, is to have it introduced into every home in this country. Every one sold is sure to sell another. Often 50 sales can be traced from the first one introduced. All that is asked of the purchasers after giving the instrument a fair trial, kindly bring friends to see it and hear its musical effects, having no agents, no warerooms in large cities (selling direct only), I rely solely on the merits of the Beethoven to speak for itself and kind words from satisfied purchasers, which I am proud to say are many.

THE BEETHOVEN CASE.

[Height, 75 inches; Length, 46 inches; Depth, 24 inches.] Is, as the cut shows, the most magnificent ever made. The view is of a walnut case, highly polished, and ornamented with gold, but when preferred, you can order an ebonized case in pure black, inlay ornamentations in gold, which produce a fine effect, now very fashionable, and is furnished at the same price. When ordering, specify definitely which case is wanted. The designs are alike and no case as beautiful was ever put upon the market for any such money, even when ordinary music—as used by other builders—was put in them. Read the following description of Reeds and Stop Combinations carefully, and then give this more than liberal offer a trial by ordering one. The World can not equal this Beautiful Organ for anything like the money asked.

Ten (10) Full Sets Golden Tongue Reeds.

It contains 5 Octaves, 10 full sets of GOLDEN TONGUE REEDS, as follows: (1) Manual Sub-Bass, 16 feet tone; (2) Diapason, 8 feet tone; (3) Dulciana, 8 feet tone; (4) Cello, 8 feet tone; (5) French Horn, 8 feet tone; (6) Saxophone, 8 feet tone; (7) Vox Celeste, 8 feet tone; (8) Viola Dolce, 4 feet tone; (9) Violina, 4 feet tone; (10) Piccolo, 4 feet tone; also, Coupler Harmonique, Harp Æoline, Grand Expressione, Vox Humana, Vox Jubilante and other grand accessory effects.

27 STOPS! (NO DUMMIES. ALL OF PRACTICAL USE.)

There are no Reed Organs made in this country, but what when the stops are used wrong, some will give no sound, hence are then dummies. If used as directed every stop in the Beethoven is of practical use. Don't be deceived by misrepresentations of Monopolists or their agents. There are 14 perfect combinations on this organ, equal to 14 common organs usually sold by agents combined, and the full effect cannot be produced with less than 27 Stops and not then, without my Stop Action (applied to my Reedboard) which is fully covered by patents, and can be used by no other manufacturer.

SPECIFICATION OF STOP WORK. 27 IN ALL.

(1) Cello, (2) Melodia, (3) Clarabella, (4) Manual Sub-Bass, (5) Bourdon, (6) Saxophone, (7) Viol di Gamba, (8) Diapason, (9) Viola Dolce, (10) Grand Expressione, (11) French Horn, (12) Harp Æoline, (13) Vox Humana, (14) Echo, (15) Dulciana, (16) Clarinet, (17) Vox Celeste, (18) Violina, (19) Vox Jubilante, (20) Piccolo, (21) Coupler Harmonique, (22) Orchestral Forte, (23) Grand Organ Knee Stop, (24) Right Knee Stop, (25) Automatic Valve Stop, (26) Right Duplex Damper, (27) Left Duplex Damper.

THE FIRE On September 19th, 1881, my Factory was entirely destroyed by fire, nothing but ashes remaining where was one of the largest factories of the kind in the world.

RE-BUILT Three days afterwards, with my own hands I lifted out the first relic where it stood, and by the aid of vast capital, perfect knowledge of what was wanted, and kind words of cheer from thousands, I was enabled in 120 days to put on steam and start more machinery, in a larger and better equipped Factory than ever on the same ground. The present establishment covers nearly 4 acres of space, and is now turning out a larger number of better instruments daily than ever before. This achievement is unsurpassed in the history of enterprise.

I am now receiving orders for the BEETHOVEN (price \$90) at the rate of over 1,000 per month, and as I run my great works far into the night by the use of \$20

EDISON'S ELECTRIC LIGHTS,

the only Organ and Piano Factory in the world that uses it, I can fill all orders promptly for this style as I have now with a 200-horse power engine, driving over 100 wood-working machines in their construction.



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